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ANTIQUITY OF COINS,

ELEANORE,

&c.,

BY WILLIAM HUME,

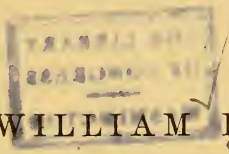
MEDIUM.

NEW YORK:
M. B. WYNKOOP, BOOK & JOB PRINTER,
No. 12 ANN STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.
1856.

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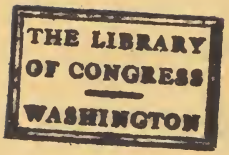
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PREFACE.

What have we here, now? A treatise on the Antiquity of Coins—and that by "the Spirits," too! Why, I thought they had *progressed* far beyond the dead past, and were basking in the splendors of the sun-lit future! but here we have them presenting us a plate filled with rusty, worn out, antiquated coins, fit only for those who spend their time in raking over the dust of buried years! What next are they to give us? But, patience! my dear—wished for reader; let me say a word to you about the past, ere you condemn it utterly. The past—what is it? The breath of our breath—the life of our life—the originator of thought to us all! A land abounding in bogs and fens filled with hobgoblins, satyrs, and chimeras dire, if you will have it so; yet radiant with many a bright spot shined upon by that glorious luminary that began its course far back in the ages. We have a rich inheritance of truths handed down to us from the past, by a noble army of Media, whom we have beheld filing along its highways and by-ways, reaching even to our own times. Some of these we have worshipped! What scenes have been painted for us by those grand master-painters of the past! Look at the coloring of many of their pictures—how true to nature? How enchanting the landscape—the mountain—the valley—the winding stream—the majestic river—all overspread with light that radiates to our inmost hearts! Blessings on the past! and blessings on its teachers! Hardly the least among these are those "speechless little fellows" that have served as media to convey from one to another the various species of property claimed by men, and which, aside from their legitimate use, convey to us much information respecting the men and events of past times. They

speak to us in the first article contained in this little volume. Let me bespeak your attention to their teachings, kind reader.

Allow me a brief word in respect to the medium through whom the articles contained in this volume were written, and whose name appears on the title page. He is a young man who has spent most of his days in, Massachusetts—in Chicopee, Lowell and Springfield. A year or two he "followed the sea" for a living; but the greater portion of the time, his occupation has been that of a mechanic; and our national work-shops, in Springfield, have been witness to the diligence he displayed in that business. His education—in the ordinary sense of that term—is quite limited, —less than is usually obtained in our district schools,—reading, writing, and arithmetic being the extent to which it was carried, in school or elsewhere. With the exception of letters to his friends, he had never written a sentence of English composition till the commencement of his mediumship. This commenced a few years since. He has been a medium for the rappings, table-moving, speaking and writing; but is now chiefly a medium for speaking and writing. His utterances, while in the trance state, are frequently of the most elevated character, both as to the thoughts and the words in which they are clothed. No one who is acquainted with him can fail to perceive that they are not the productions of his own mind; and such are often the attending circumstances of their delivery, that those who hear him are convinced, beyond a doubt, that they emanate, at the time from minds beyond and above his. Sometimes the thoughts are clothed in poetic language, and profess to be given, through him, by Byron. I have heard him utter, while entranced, poems, of considerable length, that, for beauty and sublimity of thought and elegance of diction, Byron himself, in his happiest moods, would hardly have surpassed; certainly, as an impromptu effort, would not have excelled.

Mr. Hume has written, as a medium, various articles, of different length, and in altogether dissimilar style. A few pieces have been written in Greek and Latin poetry—the language correct, and the versification accurate. Others are discourses, essays, treatises, &c., upon various topics, in English. From these the articles in this volume have been selected, and are now presented to the public. To the article on the Antiquity of Coins no name was signed, so that it is not known to whom to assign the authorship.

One of the poems has the name of Walter Scott attached to it, which was the name annexed by the medium's hand. Any one acquainted with Scott's poems cannot fail to discover his peculiar style in this poem. The subject, also, is of a character that Scott's muse loved to dwell upon. The four pieces with the name of Byron attached to them have been recently written—within the present month. The style of the first three the intelligent reader will perceive not to be derogatory to Byron's Muse; and if the last appears more like the effusion of some modern *reformer* than an emanation from the mind of the author of Childe Harold, yet he should remember that it is not impossible for the spirit of "the noble lord" to have caught the "spirit of the age," and to be willing to write something in the vein even of the *Corn Law Rhymer*. But I need not enlarge upon the subjects or merit of these articles. They speak for themselves. They are presented to the public, not as perfect specimens in the art of composition, whether of prose or poetry—but as an addition to the ten thousand evidences that are continually presented to persons who think, and those, also, who have not been accustomed to reason and investigate, that beings in another state of existence are holding intercourse with the inhabitants of earth, As such the candid attention of the reader is asked for them.

W. H. B.

Wilbraham, February, 1856.

ANTIQUITY OF COINS.

Should some modern antiquarian, not yet infected with the virus of virtue, see the collector doating on his coins, and hear him discoursing of their preciousness, I think he would be at a loss to account for an interest so deep about rusty copper and corroding silver, and an eloquence so profusely displayed upon antiquated coins, lost by thriftless housewives in ages gone by, that it seems to him in the nature of a new sense, or I should say, a new nonsense. He cannot fully comprehend an enthusiasm, which is apparently both hot and cold, weak and strong, for hoarding up those coins no longer current; neither can he estimate a mode of valuation so glaringly inadequate as that which the antiquarian sets upon his mouldering penny; nay, not even when he spends an intrusive hour in a Peter Funk auction room, and is then and there made cognizant, by the testimony of his own eyes and ears, of the startling price given for some gew-gaw, or denarius of more than common interest. He then complacently thanks his own good fortune and common sense that it has hitherto preserved him from the folly of walking forth a numismatic maniac.

I would not choose an antiquarian; for he would sack a a city, sift an empire's dust to find a copper; then in ecstacy and delight hang o'er its letters eaten out by rust:

> And in his hand will turn it o'er and o'er,
> And stamp it with a name and date it never had before.

But still, in sober cheerfulness, there are many excuses to be urged in behalf of the coin enthusiast. He is neither a miser, who worships his money, merely for its own sake, nor is he a madman, who endows it with imaginary attributes. He is nothing of the mere speculator, who seeks his mercenary gain by purchasing rare specimens at the common scheme price, then doubles on them when disposed of; nor the matter of fact trader in antiquity, whose first object is to lay out his capital very shrewdly, so that from the field of prostituted knowledge he may reap the rich harvest of vulgar cash, or, what is, in a Yankee phrase, *a pile of tin*. Nor yet will he confess to the spirit of restless Curio, which rejoices in the selfish possession of a Pertinax; and which would outbid your museums to secure some choice unique, with the sole view of reflecting on himself a sort of an ignis fatuus of learned notoriety. He is not to be dubbed a jealous snatcher, from old Father Time's mouth, of the morsels fit only for black oblivion; and he would scorn to be accounted one of those greedy shareholders in the numismatic lottery, who have in their eyes the goodness of a bargain rather than the educational ideas floating round antiquity itself; and who regard the accident of rarity rather than the quality of interest; and who are scarcely gifted with that intelligence which is only capable of pricing a book, or watching for a fortunate investment in some express company. Now, these sutlers and lucre-led, or Millerite camp followers, encumbering the march of antiquarianism among the ruins of old Father Time; all these, and all others who are of a similar character, the true numismatist will disavow; and,—with a humble saving clause for his own human infirmity—will surely protest against any sympathy with their feelings, or participation in their motives. Far higher would he claim to be regarded:—as the meditative poet; as the clear-sighted historian; as the entertained connoisseur in art, and the well taught student in humanity. And, as Addison says, "The true collector does

not look upon his cabinet of medals as a pile of gold, or filthy lucre, but a store-house of knowledge; seeing he may find as much thought on the inscription of a coin as in a canto of Spenser."

Again, I say, the true collector is not the demented antiquist of a wrathful Pinkerton;—the pseudo doctor, who would value mystery above knowledge; who prefers the obscurity of rust to a legible inscription, and justifies his ignorance of the present by doubting of the buried past; but rather the good, the honest-hearted antiquary,—credulous, if you wish it so, as old Herodotus, but as brimful of his simple charity and uncompromising truthfulness; who seeks, by any means, to add the history of men and the countless ages that have passed away to a close and a fire-side sociability with modern men, times and manners. He looks upon his money as a golden monitor, teaching him many things. Delicately traced upon those small green fields, he can discern and read ten thousand poetical impersonations; within their magic circle he discovers the historic record; and there he inspects the contemporary portraiture of mighty deeds, and those who dared them in those centuries long gone by. He can show to the artist and the sculptor of these days, the time-hallowed perfection of design, and grouping and microscopic modelling. He can take the architect aside, and exhibit to him triumphal arches, temples, fountains, aqueducts, amhpitheatres, circi, hippodromes, palaces, basilicas, columns, obelisks, baths, sea-ports, pharoses, and many other glorious edifices, which have, ages ago, mouldered to dust, under the levelling hand of time.

The towers of Thebes,
Which millions toiled to rear,
In scattered ruins, now own
The earthquake's shock.
Those mighty fleets of Rome,
That filled the isles with fear
The wild tempest hath left
In fragments on the rock:

And the shadows whereof, thus only fixed forever on a coin, may help him in his structure of to-day, and teach him to venerate the builders of antiquity.

He can, for his own high intellectual pleasure, make acquaintance with a world of miniature figures, minute, and many as the spirit forms in the midnight vision of America's seer,* shaped, each and all, in elegance and beauty; figures or profiles of ideal deification, all the more interesting from having been copies of then existing works of Phidias, Appelles, Praxiteles, Parrhasias, or from some other Promethean quickner of the stucco, or the canvas, or Parian marble; and he can, at sight, borrow from these little people of man's pocket, faultless conceptions of the excellent in form, and graceful ease in composition. He can amuse and also instruct—nay, more, elevate his mind with ingenious allegories, deep myths of eternal truth, and the manifold embodyings of abstract attributes. For example, let him for one moment look upon the reverses of *Roman large brass*, there he will see Valor standing fully equipped and armed; Honor robed and chapleted; Happiness crowned with obliviscent poppies; Concord with extended hand, and the horn of plenty in her bosom; Hope tripping lightly, and smiling upon a rose-bud; Peace offering the olive-branch; Fortune resting on a rudder; Military Faith stretching forth her consecrated standard: Abundance emptying her cornucopia; Security leaning on a column; Modesty veiled and sitting; Piety taking her gift to the altar; Fruitfulness in the midst of her nurselings; Equity adjusting her scales; Victory with wings, and coronal and trumpet: Eternity holding the globe, and risen Phœnix, or better, seated on a starry sphere; Liberty with cap and staff; National Prosperity sailing like a noble ship before the tempestuous gale, and Public Faith, with joined hands, clasping between them the palms of success, and the caduceus of health.

* A. J. Davis.

Now, such as these, unillumined eyes might only deem fit for some old Prætorian to have therewith paid his hotel bill, or, at the very best, for some curious modern, to use as markers at his game of whist; but to the enlightened they are replete with classical interest, heraldic devise, geographical knowledge, evidences of early civilization, and curious objects, both of nature and of art. He finds them charged, on obverse or on reverse, with legends of heroic valor, with names and types of cities to their modern sites unknown; with head-dresses, jewelry, highly-wrought arms, embroidered robes, and, above all, with exquisite delineations of human beauty. He perceives upon them, also, the likeness of strange animals, such as the giraffe, the crocodile, the Tyrian murex, and the cuttle-fish; and those more fabulous abortions, such as a sphinx, or a minotaur, a Pegasus, a Phœnix, a Chimera. He may, guided by a Gnossian didrachmon, roam in these days, the labyrinth of Crete, and find it a maze, differing only from that in the Harrow Road, by being square instead of circular. Taught by a Cydonian obolus, he may also perceive that Rome, ever plagiarizing upon Greece, had stolen the idea of a wolf and-twins, from the young Miletus and his foster mother, Lupa; and, warned by certain well-known tetra-drachms, bearing a crafty snake that emerges from a hamper, he may note therein a fitting proto-type for the hanaper office, and chancery litigation. But, far more to the purpose, for it tends to his deeper knowledge of mankind, he sees the medal pictured in all the glorious colors of faithfulness with many ancient customs, such as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, homages, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, consecrations, and many other antiquated names, and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still in existence, on antiquated coins.

So, from learning ancient manners, he may learn man, even down to this very day, and not less in the flattering titles showered upon tyrants and knaves; such as Nero, Domitian and Caracalla, who are sure to go forth, severally

dubbed, Pius, Felix, Augustus and the Father of his country: or, in the lying epithets of war-like cowards, such as, Commodus and Caligula, who, unblushingly take the names of Dacian, German, or Britannic conqueror; he may trace the black sycophancy of men, in all ages, to their worst and unworthiest oppressors—nay, more, he may find immortal Greece, the Roman's slave, fawning, in the depths of her misery and degradation on an emperor, as her god, and a god supreme; or, on a senate, as the conclave of divinities. Far more than this, he can study the physiognomy, or, even more, the dubious phrenology of time honored magnates, leaders and liberators, and the giants of old Father Time, may speculate on their seeming dispositions, and compare the character which history has given them, with the liniments of their own acknowledged likeness, liniments so true to life and nature, that, saving only in the few and well-known instances of complimenting a new emperor, by his being invested in his predecessors features,* the stamped coin bears testimony alike to its own genuineness, and to the voice of history.

But it should be considered, that, however stale and common-place many of these consecrated virtues, or local genii, now may seem, to our long accustomed eyes, burdened as those mystic figures are with the ever frequent cornucopia, and other triter emblems, there was a time when such obvious thoughts as these were new, just born, unfledged—and that time for ought I know, may have been the coin's own birthday. With this idea in our minds, how many of the countries in this wide world are typified in a fine spirit, both of poetry and truth, on the splendid coin of ancient Greece and Rome!

It would not seem improbable, that the personification of nations upon coins was the same as that adopted in triumphal processions. There, in appropriate masquerade, mingled with the military pageantry, were borne on stages or plat-

* For instance, the early Trojans exhibit the head of a Nerva, as I have seen a coin of Henry the Eighth, masked with his father's face.

forms the figured representatives of the conqueror and the conquered. There, the Dacian lay bound, while the Roman built a trophy of his arms: there, sad Judea wept beneath her palm, and being desolate, sat upon the ground, while the Gentile sentinel stood guarding her, and also mocking; while some dusky Ethiopian, drawn in a car by hugh elephants, leaning on tusks of ivory and holding out a scorpion, personated Africa. The crocodile, the sistrum and the ibis, testified to formal Egypt; Spain, too, had her strange and barbaric weapons—alas! the timid coney that creeps in her sierras; Arabia, too, all laden with her spices, followed, with the camel at her feet; Parthia, *fidens fugae versisque sagittis*,* followed in the procession, with bow and quiver at her back; Sicily, too, was chapleted with Cerealic wheat; Achaia wore her coronet of parsley; Britain leaned upon a rock, enthroned amid the seas; Italy, too, the wonder of the world in beauty, was crowned like Cybele, with towers of strength; she sat on the celestial sphere, and stretched forth the golden sceptre of her monarchy.

But more than all this—for more may allure our fancy—for higher things than serve to tickle man's fancy, the sensible numismatist looks with satisfaction on his coins. In them he perceives the very germ of history; pocket epitomes of interesting facts; walking stilts across the muddy bottom of Lethe. Within the years of a few continuous coins, he can, to day, read the record of otherwise unstoried empire, and, at once, aid memory and prove historic truth, as he notes them nested away in his cabinet. It has been well stated, that the famous instance of the testimony given by ancient coins to history, in the matter of Thurium, and numerous others, in which is the corroboration of laconic statements; nay, more, the filling up of vague sketches, have been due to the preservation of these antiquated heroes, for telling us the story of buried centuries. And examples, might, to day, be multiplied, at will. Perhaps we may in truth, say we know as much of the

* Trusting to flight and the inverted arrows.

worlds history to-day, and the Roman world in particular, from these antiquated coins as from living men, and more of their mighty deeds, to day, would have remained in oblivion, and all unknown to their posterity, but for the numismatist, who is a witness to their lives and their actions. Oh! how little, but for these little speechless fellows, could our students know about the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, Hadrian and Probus! Would they have estimated the high civilization of ancient Sicily, of Syracuse, of Heraclea, and, most of all, Agrigentum? Oh! how lightly would they have esteemed Rome's early struggles with the States of Magna Grecia, if they had not this testimony of coins to the refinement of Tarentum, and the unequalled elegance of Thurnium! But for these speechless fellows how little had they known, or knowing kept in their memories, the civilizing occupation of Albion under Claudius, Hadrian and Geta, and Severus? Where, I ask, could they have read at all, or in any case so well, of the beautiful and unhistoried Philistia, of the Ptolemaic and Antiochian kings, of the Sassamide, Arsacide, and other monarchs of the venerable east, and of the consular families of Western Rome? May the sons of Columbia never forget, to the ends of time, but confess that they are indebted, for historic facts which have been brought to light, to the care and skill of the numismatist.

But I speak of the earliest age, or, in other words, of our unstoried infancy. Tascio and Segonax, and heroical Bonduca, and the noble hearted Cymbeline, are found, I was going to say, exclusively from antiquated coins, and to have been far more than fabulous personages. And Ifars, Anlaf, and Sithric, primal kings of Ireland, are claimed from coins alone to be considered as realities. Why, just imagine for one moment, what a stability it would add to our belief in the existence of a king Lear, or the sturdy Brutus of that world, London or Troy, to see pieces of metal that were stamped with their images and superscriptions. With what corroborated faith would we think of the chivalric Arthur, if we

should find an obol charged obverse with his profile, and reverse with the Round Table! And with what interest would the men of Bath gaze upon their Bladud, and on the fortunate thirsty swine that laid the foundations of his city!

And, to take a few only of those great men, who have confessed an interest, in what Addison does not scruple to style, the science of numismatics; Pericles and Augustus are to be counted among its patrons, no less than Elizabeth and Leo; and he who was yesterday the Napoleon of war, but to day the Napoleon of peace. Lorenzo and Petrarch take their rank among the army. Alfred, Bede, Alcuin, and the elder Bacon, are reported, on well substantiated grounds, to have been of the fraternity. There was Cromwell, too, following the example of his martyred master, Selden, Camden, South, Clarendon, Evelyn, Wren, and a thousand of less note, knew the joys of the collector. But, in truth, from Reubens and Raffaelle, and from Chantrey and Canova, and Thorwaldsen, and from Newton and Mead, and Hunter, down to the veriest smatterer in science and art of this our day of education; I think it may be probable that a few men of gigantic intellect may have escaped the influence of hankering after coins, if, at times, they were incautiously exposed to the attractions of a cabinet; for it is verily, both pleasant and profitable to collect, possess, study and enjoy these small but imperishable records of the mighty past—pocket emblems, miniature temples, deciduous morsels, shed from Fame's true laurel, whose stem is iron, and whose leaves are bronze, whose buds are silver and whose expanded flowerets are gold, and the bloom or patina as the morning dew upon them all: to keep, I say, and have a property in these speechless little fellows, who are as lasting as the pyramids of Egypt, and these scoriae struck out on all sides, when the clanking chains and galling fetters of a mighty empire were forged—these glorious relics of primitive antiquity, more genuine than Helen's cross or Peter's chain—these sweet elixir drops of consecrated durability, all congealed to adamant, and graven with

the memorials of truth eternal. Oh! these ineffaceable transcripts of character, fact and feature—in number multiplied. and in authenticity undoubted—that to day may well defy the ravages of chance, change, suppression, or forgetfulness!

The word coin is derived from κοινος common or current- and occurs on some Greek money, nominally of Alexander but really of the Roman Emperor, Philip, a difficulty that has been well explained by men of great minds. There are coins which on the obverse, have the head of Alexander the Great, encircled with a diadem, together with the inscription ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ,* and on the reverse, a warrior on horseback, with the inscription ΚΟΙΝΟΝ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ,† Now if this were the whole account that the coins in question afford us of themselves, I should probably have to assign them to some period in the history of Macedon connected with that illustrious conqueror. I might, indeed, conceive that the coins of Alexander would extend themselves as far as his conquest; and that, in the acknowledgment of his talents, and of their admiration, his successors would still retain his name and impress it upon this coin, long after he had died. And I find, too, upon a slight acaiquntance with numismatic antiquities, that many cities of Greece and of Asia, did, in fact, adopt the badges chosen by him, for the coins of Macedon, and that they continued to be in use to an advanced period of the Roman empire. But still, if the coins that I am now considering could give us no further tokens of their date, I should have assigned them to Macedon, without even fixing upon any precise time in Grecian history as the exact period they were coined. But I find, after the word ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ, other letters, which convey a reference to Roman history of the time of the empire, and, underneath the figure of the horse, the three Greek numerals Ϛϙδ, which when translated, give the date 275. Now as I refer this date

* Of Alexander. † Coin of the Macedonians.

back to the battle of Actium, the epoch which men commonly adopted during the time of the empire, I am brought down to the year of Rome 998, all corresponding with the year, 245 of the Christian era; the precise period at which Philip the the elder, who was then on the throne of the Cæsars, was celebrating his recent victories in the East, and connecting them with the fame of Alexander the Great. To complete the proof of my assertion, there is a medal in the cabinet of London which has the same reverse in all its particulars of inscription, device and date, but bearing on the obverse, the titles of this person, viz. Philip, with the head of a Roman emperor. So you see that these coins, which, from most of their tokens, might at first sight have been assigned to a much earlier period, were coined for the use of Macedon, in the middle of the third century after Christ, in obedience to the mandate of the emperor Philip, and display some alleged connection between that emperor, and the ancient conqueror of the East.

The word κοινον, not unfrequently occurs elsewhere, as for example, on the silver coin of Cyrene in Africa, bearing obversely the head of Jupiter Ammon, and with its characteristic sylphium on the reverse. Now this sylphium was a plant yielding a drug as much esteemed by the ancient Greeks, as opium is to day by the Chinese. It was in early ages called opopanax, or, in other words, heal-all, and so great was its price that Julius Caesar defrayed the expenses of the first civil war by selling 110 ounces of silphium, which he found stored in the public treasury. But after all this you may be astonished when I inform you that a drug so precious was nothing more nor less than assafetida. But enough of this.

Some have preferred to κοινον the etymology of *cuneus*, a wedge or ingot, asserting that the earliest form of money, was the lump or mass. Now, whether cuneus be the root or not, the fact is undeniable, that mere crude metal was weighed as money long before its foundation into coin. You

remember that Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, four hundred shekels, current at that time with the merchants. Now the shekel was a weight, three thousand centuries before it was formed into coin, which was equal to a talent. Now the word current should be more properly understood by sterling, and as unalloyed, of right assay; and the word sterling is a corruption of Easterling, which was so termed from the money of Eastern Germany, which was of diamond pureness, and therefore in request, at that period, when our own coinage was excessively corrupt. You remember, too, how Brennus the Gaul flung his heavy sword into the scales that were too penuriously weighing the ransom of Rome. I need not multiply similar instances to prove my position.

Now, unminted bullion, as a legalized tender of exchange, is not, I think, less a modern than it has been an ancient expedient; for it has been revived in our times by men of superior intellect and capabilities, although the project was abortive and immediately dropped. Why, one brick of gold which weighed sixty ounces, was impressed with a sovereign stamp, which was made and issued for foreign commerce. To prove the correctness of my statement, a lead model of this, covered with gold leaf, to resemble the original, is, to-day, to be seen in the British museum, and furnishes you a remarkable illustration of the manner in which the arts circulate;—the revolving wheel of time brings round its revenges.

The process from lumps of metal to the minted plan of coinage was gradual and natural; for after the mere mass or weight, it would seem probable that the gold bracelet, the mancus, the torques, the fibula, or other decoration, of legitimate size and purity, succeeded. To take a familiar instance, —I find Le Balafre, in Quentin Durward, paying his bill with links untwisted from his gold neck-chain;—and, in like manner, the bracelets of Judah and his staff, upon which the signet was commonly carried, were Tamar's hire;—and the bushel of gold rings by which Carthage bought a truce with

Rome were this sort of substitute for coin. The same kind of ornamental money—and the idea of combining money with ornament is to this day extant in the head-dresses of Venetian sequins, and in the circlets of old coins worn every day in the East—has been excavated by the Duke of ——— from beneath the upright stones at Inverary.

Now, with regard to the iron rings mentioned by Cæsar; it is very strange, even remarkable, that nothing of the kind was ever known to have been discovered with British coins in England,—while in Ireland, the land of the Shamrock, rings of gold and brass have been excavated from the earth, in great numbers. Why, there was found, a few years since, in a tumulus in Monaghan, enough to load a one-horse wagon. Now, does not this fact prove that, although these rings may occasionally have been applied to the purposes of money, they were originally intended for fibulæ, or some other personal ornaments? But I must confess that, at first sight, the fact of finding a wagon load of these rings, seems to me to prove the reverse, viz: that it was rather a hoard of cash than an accumulation of ornaments. Yet I do not think it impossible, that over the dead body of that illustrious conqueror, his followers may have flung their bracelets in his honor. But more than this, when I recollect that the Egyptian hiereoglyphic for money is nothing but a ring, I think it much less likely that a tribe should impoverish itself than that their chief should hoard up his treasures.

But, to pass on, precious metal—and this word is more likely to be the root of medal than the Arabic methalia, head—was soon found to require some genuine guarantee for its purity, as well as the more easily discoverable fact of its just weight; and, in that day, when seals were sacred things, no test was so obvious as the signet, heraldic emblems, or, in words, allegorical devices; and, to save an anachronism in terms, would, I think, appear to be the first idea—such as the Babylonish lion, Egina's tortoise, Bœotia's shield, the lyre

of Mytilene, and, also, the wheat of Metapontum. But it, I think, would soon seem advisable to add the sanction of religion to that of mere honor; and this, too, I am of opinion, will, at first sight, account for the common impress of the head of some divinity. Therefore, such as Juno, Diana, Ceres, Jove, Hercules, Apollo, Bacchus, Pluto, Neptune, and a host of others of the Pantheon, have sanctioned, by their effigies impressed, the most perfect means of barter known to the world. Also, superstition dared not cheat, in the face of Rhodes' brilliant Phœbus, or of the stern Athenian Minerva, or of the mighty Jupiter of Macedon.

It is a fact that the coins of those days were prototypes; and the original model of these splendid heads was, in each individual case, some statuary idol, which was held sacred and venerable, for alleged miracles, such as the Lady of Loretto, or, for any indefinite antiquity, such as St. Peter. It will seem clear to any clear-seeing mind, that it was owing to these exhibitions of idolatry on coins that the Jewish shekel never bore the impress of a head; but, on the contrary, was charged only with an almond rod and a pot of manna, for Israel,—a fact ascertained by the inscription upon her banners; and they were innocently allowed to bear upon them a heraldic emblem, but were entirely forbidden to make, shape, or fashion any device which heathen nations worshipped. And Mohammedan money, in like manner, and for similar reason, was, and is to day, prohibited by the Koran from exhibiting any portraiture.

But there is another fact which I wish to insert here, viz: that until Alexander of Macedon had overrun the Persian monarchy in the East; furthermore, until Julius Cæsar had consummated the Roman empire in the West, not a single image of any living man was ever permitted to be stamped upon the coin then in use. Then nothing but such as deities or heroes could even presume to give a sanction to the national credit.

And besides the usual metals, gold, silver, copper, many,

very many and strange substitutes were often adopted as means of legal tender. And it is a fact, that money made of leather and of sea-shells was once used by the ancient Romans; and also, that wood was used for the same purpose; and, furthermore, leather money was once the common tender at Carthage, and, also, in Sparta;—but with respect to these cases, I will say that there is to-day no such money known to exist. And iron was also used in the same manner at Sparta, Clazomene, Byzantium, and, also, at Rome. Furthermore, tin was used by Dionysius, of Syracuse. But no ancient specimen of these metals has ever been discovered; yet it is a fact that such coins have actually existed. And I account for the total disappearance to the extreme remoteness of the time when they were made, and that they have long since been decomposed. But, perhaps, dear reader, you may not fully agree with me in the above, and in particular, are in apparent incredulity, as some are with respect to Suidas & Co. For there is to be added with a certainty to this list quite a number of well known and similar substitutes. For example, species of coal-money, and even circular bits of horse hide have not been unfrequent in the British barrows. And the Dutch have minted pasteboard; and the old English exchequer tallies might, I think, be called, in some sort or other, wooden money, merely from their commonality. There was James the Second, who coined gun-metal. And in the year 1690, the English had a tin coinage to the amount of about 71,000 pounds; also, lead and pewter were circulated largely as money, and went by the name of tradesmen's tokens. Also, the Malays had, and to this day have, a legal tender of betel-nuts; also, the island of Madagascar people had, for legal tender, almonds; also the most eastern African tribes had, for legal tender, cow-ry shells; also, the inhabitants of Yucatan, seeds of plants; and the original settlers of America had, for legal tender, musket-balls. Even in one of your cities, (Cincinnati,) no farther back than 1803, deer skins at the market value of forty cents per pound were

legalised means of barter, and, if offered instead of money, would not have been refused. Why, only think of it! paper, flimsy as a spider's web, and far more liable than any Sibylline leaves, to be destroyed by water, wind and fire, and, also, exposed to its utter demolition by mere contact with its more stern brother, Mr. Cash, and also, to illegibility from mere oil, grease and dirt,—and this, I say, without the fear of contradiction from any one, is the very type of insecurity, and, possibly, of immateriality,—is your chief circulating medium, and represents your highest sums.

But, to return, coins were first stamped on one side only; and the reverse of the earliest Greek money, being the impress of points on which the stricken plan was fixed; and that of ancient British money; and, also, some from Hindostan, but of indefinite antiquity, only being the indentation of a smoothly polished concavity. And the metal was lead red hot from the furnace—something like the English skeattas—shot money, which were so called from their form before striking; and this money, when it was stamped, was very often, and that naturally, serrated from the radiation caused by blows. This effect gave the first idea for the modern safeguard against clipping—milled edge. The only piece of simple mechanism used for this kind of minting was a hammer, an anvil, and a pair of pincers; as I find them portrayed on an interesting consular coin, with the inscription, Moneta.

Now, I would say, concerning the dies, that there is nothing, I think, more truly wonderful in the whole range of ancient coins than their infinite variety. And I will insert here another fact, which to you may be a matter of great astonishment, that with their imperfect mastery over metals, a great number of the ancients should still have recourse to the uncouth pincers and hammer for all common purposes; as they would be compelled, from the true want of a well-tempered material, to be constantly making new dies, after a very small number of impressions had been taken. But this difficulty only furnishes you with a more conclusive evidence in

favor of what has been stated as regards the general practice. It is a curious fact that in a very few instances have any two coins of an ancient date been found which had the evidences of having proceeded from the same die. But I am to-day informed that the Prince Torre Muzza, who was for many years a collector of Sicilian medals, could not in his vast cabinet find any two that corresponded, in all particulars, with each other. Now, does it seem possible that these dies, so beautiful and exquisite in workmanship, which had been carved, for the greater ease, in a certain sort of clay, or other plastic composition which, when hardened by heat, would thus be made capable of striking one impression on the drop of metals still softened from the furnace, should have been so perishable?

The ancients did not have any steel, but their coins were, in truth, numberless, and also the dies. For striking, not casting, was their method; and I can only wonder that the ponderous hammer had attached to its face the quasi mould, the highly tempered but tender, or, in other words, fragile dies, which, like the bees of Virgil, must perish as they strike:

Animasque in vulnere ponunt.*

And even with all the skill of more modern date, and its many mechanical appliances, and the longevity of dies, and steel of treble temper though they may be, I think the result is always problematical, for this reason, that one day they may be capable of striking off ten thousand coins without any material deterioration; while, on another day, they may give way beneath half that number; and for this reason, too, that steel dies are very liable to break from the variations of temper by over heating, or from the degrees of force in striking, or from chemical deficiencies in the original process of face-hardening, and from various other causes which are to-day even very little understood.

* They leave their lives in the wound

Now, leaving thus but slightly touched this mysterious topic of an ancient die, upon which, in truth, no light has been thrown, even by the discovery of moulds for casting, which, in my opinion, were certainly the tools of Gaulish forgers, let us go on and excavate a little farther the history of these little pocket fellows-coins. There is another fact which I wish to insert here, that is this, that, notwithstanding high civilization, there existed no money in Egypt anterior to the Persian occupancy; for cash did not enter into the calculations of a Pharaoh, and there is nothing like a coin to be found upon sculptures or papyri; for Joseph's money for the corn was no other than personal ornaments, although there may be an abundance of circular seals, or, in other words, cartouches, stamped upon burnt clay. And the earliest coins known to be in existence, at the very best, are those which have the indented square, or such as the monkeys of Egina; for to this soon succeeded the simple incussion, such as the wheat-ear of Metapontum and the bull's head of Phocis. And this kind of incussed coin followed very close upon the indented, for this very reason, that instead of being fixed upon points, the idea soon followed of fixing the metal on some slightly yielding surface, such, for instance, as lead or wood, so as to produce a reverse intaglio of the obverse cameo. Then came incussed coins of two separate impressions, such as the Neptune of Posidonia, with his drapery folded both back and front, showing the evidence of the obverse and the reverse. Next came the double stamp, or, in other words, the proper tail-piece, which was added to the profile, and sometimes within squares, such as I find on Doric and early Athenian money. Now, you may, perhaps, have observed that these words, viz: coins and medals—have heretofore been used indiscriminately, as if it were not meant or intended to acknowledge that any important distinction ever existed between them. Now, this distinction, as regards a point of fact, has never been generally and truly observed; and the neglect of this was owing to the impossibility of separating the specimens, which were,

at those times, intended to be legal tender from those specimens, which were designed for other purposes. And there are some of them of so large a size, and so very peculiar in other respects, that they cannot very well be confounded with common money. And for these, some have reserved the term medallion, meaning, however, to use the term medal, as denoting all coined pieces of whatsoever stamp; and also coins, to distinguish those which were designed as legal tender. Now, this was an opinion of Hardouin, and also, before him, of Erizzo. And it was, also, their opinion, that none of the various specimens now in existence were issued as money, but bestowed as memorials and tokens. But these opinions have no claim to be refuted.

Some have endeavored to ascertain what medals are tokens and memorials, by examining whether they possess the well-known characteristics of coins. Now these characteristics may be briefly stated by the following:—wherever there is a class of specimens that preserves the same specific character, although they may have been minted in different years, or reigns, or different centuries; and wherever they present a uniformity of weight or device, or are in the general style of workmanship, allowing only for those changes which occur by the varying condition of the arts; and wherever they have been found in immense numbers; and wherever they bear, either in their inscriptions or name the denoted value of a coin, some have inferred that they were issued as common money or legal tender. And there exist to-day coins of gold and silver of the days of Philip and Alexander, which still preserve a strict correspondence with each other, being specimens, (so Dr. C. says,) of the money mentioned by the ancient authors, under the names of those illustrious sovereigns. There exist, also, coins of Athenian tetradrachms, varying somewhat in their actual weight, but still maintaining a constant resemblance to each other, and which extended from the earliest times down to the Christian era. Now, the fact seems to be, from all the information I can gather, that the distinc-

tion between a coin and a medal is very much like one of more modern invention. For Addison, speaking of an ancient mintage, says that he cannot recognise any difference between them. And Mr. P. K. is also of the opinion, that in the case of a medallion, from Cæsar's gift of grace to his favorite, to the beautiful Sicilian prize for the athlete, it had its legal value, and is to be accounted as a coin. There would seem, in these cases, to be a speciality of die; and if the very fact of a legalised currency is not recorded as to medallions, either on their face or tail, as I have no knowledge to the contrary, no matter how clumsy the mechanical contrivances or mechanism of the ancients, their progressive design, in the artistic execution of the die, was astonishingly rapid.

Now, in the types of some of the more ancient Greek coins, I discover a spirit and a boldness, both in design and execution, with which many of the more elaborate productions of more modern times will not bear comparison. The rude and often misshapen lump of silver upon which these types are impressed, contrast most singularly with the wonderful freedom and spirit of the design. Armor, animals, weapons, plants, utensils, and also the most graceful representations of the human head, appear in infinite numbers, so that the artists of antiquity would seem to have sometimes vied with each other, as regards the most striking representations within the smallest and even possible means. So says Dr. C., of ——.

But of the more ancient annals of forgery, to-day I have no knowledge; but as far back as 583 before Christ, I find Solon issuing laws of a very sanguine nature against the crime of forgery. Why, under Claudius, proud Rome found herself almost in a state of inundation with legalised false coins, and a regular issue of denarii, formed of silver plating over an iron foundation; and when the people wished to stop its circulation as genuine money, they cut the edges with a three square file. And there were issued, also, serrated coins of a similar spurious mintage.

If I were to detail at length the progress of coinage it would be rather tedious for you, dear reader. Now, silver had taken the precedence, and seems to have been in a state of the utmost purity at Athens. For she had no gold coins of her own make, but she contented herself with the Cyzicenes and the Dorics of her neighbor cities; and she governed the money market of the old world by the standard of her own just and pure currency. Then copper followed, at a very early period, and almost simultaneously, to answer the demand for a subdivision; although Athens did issue silver coin which weighed only two grains. And gold, in a race almost equal, was the last—all of them being of a very pure standard, far exceeding the coin of to-day in purity, and of other times and countries among the ancients. The Darics of Persia appear to have contained one twenty-fourth part of alloy, and the gold coins of Philip and of Alexander reached a much higher degree of fineness and purity; and in the gold coin of Vespasian, the alloy was only in the ratio of 1 to 788, while in the gold coin of to-day the alloy consists of one part in twelve.

The very earliest money that I have knowledge of was impressed with the figure of a bull, or, in other words, a kind of pecus; and in India the earliest coins were stamped with the figures of an ox or a sheep. Now, there was Jacob, who bought a field for one hundred pieces of money. You will find the correctness of this statement in the 33d chapter, 19th verse, of Genesis. Now, the original Hebrew term, pieces of money, is kesitoth, which signifies *lambs*, with the figure of which the metal was stamped. There was a strange incredulity in the mind of Dr. C., of ——, respecting this primitive kind of tender, whereof I am informed that Pliny, N. H., 33, 3, says the following:—Signatum est notis pecudum, unde pecunia appelata.* Now, since my good friend, the doctor, has got over the household word pecunia, which is a Latin

* It was distinguished by figures of cattle (pecudum,) hence called pecunia (money.)

word, I cannot expect him to be staggered and overwhelmed with a genuine proverb in relation to Greece, where he says, that in none of these specimens, nor in any known coin of immortal Athens ever discovered, is to be found the impress of a bull, which was said by Plutarch to have been the device adopted by the Athenians in the days of Theseus, and which was very commonly thought to have given the occasion of the proverb, βοῦς ἐπιγλωσσῃ*. Now, there is to-day, in the British Museum, so I am informed, an original specimen of a Roman coin, with the figure of a bull impressed upon it, and perceptible to the sight; and this coin, in surface, is very near the dimensions of your brick. Further, I know that the interchange of arms between Diomed and Glaucus, and the true valuation of ἑκατομβοὶ ἐννεαβοί ων† are not likely, in my opinion, to be at once admitted against my good friend, the doctor. But I must say that there are a number of points to be taken into consideration before I can adopt his conclusions. Theseus, I am to-day informed, did stamp upon coins of his day the figure of bulls. And, too, the Trojan war was undertaken when Mnestheus, who was the successor to Theseus, reigned in Athens, when these bull-figured coins were in circulation. Now, as regards the explanation that the armor did actually cost one hundred and nine bulls—creatures with hoofs and horns—it seems to me that it would be as reasonable for me to say it of one hundred sovereigns, or nine rose-nobles. Why, it was a similar confusion of mere ideas which gave force to the pleasantry of Agesilaus, who, when he was driven from an invasion of Asia by the power of Persian gold, (the known Darics which had bribed Sparta,) declared that it was no wonder that he was defeated; for, only think of it!—he fought against thirty thousand archers. Therefore, it appears to me very evident that these bulls that bought those Homeric arms were silver bulls. And furthermore, I am to-day informed

* The noisy kine.

† One hundred and nine bulls.

that the only and true explanation of their not being in existence, or, in other words, being non-extant, is that the bull was so large and very coarse that it did not escape the crucible. Again, there are in Athens a considerable number of coins which are of a very early period; for the workmanship is rough in the extreme, and the reverse possesses the squares or cross of the most plain and simple style of coinage, and the device is not the common owl or the head of Pallas, but of a horse. Now in this horse is to be found the very identical βοῦς I seek.

Roman coins were generally divided into consular series, or those which were struck by Roman magistrates, and commemorative of their own particular family legends, and those imperial series which were struck by emperors, in gold and silver, and also by the senate, in copper and brass, to the honor of Rome's prosperity, and her favorite Augustus of an hour. Now, to this rough and uncouth classification I will also add the dozen subdivisions of the As, the little company of gold medallions, and sundry pocket fellows or tokens, which served as tickets of admission to the publie baths and the amphitheatre. Now it has been supposed by some minds that these tesseræ, although not originally so intended, were afterwards used as money; and the countermarks, which were in many instances found upon coins of ancient date, both gold and silver, and brass, were to be the public stamps by which they were to be acknowledged as genuine currency.

Now, in the consular series there are many points of peculiar interest; and one of the most noticeable is the adoption of the head of the Athenian Minerva, serving to show either that Athenian money had gained such mundane credit for its purity, that Rome took it for her model, or that Grecian artists worked the Roman mint, and with a religious patriotism did preserve the sanction of their national divinity. Both, I think, were antecedently to be expected. And these consular series abound with corroborations of Livy's tales and other legendary stories of ancient days, as well as present to

you numerous traditionary portraits of the very earliest worthies and heroes of primeval Rome.

No likeness of any living man was ever allowed to be impressed upon them; and the coins of the empire commenced with Julius Cæsar, who was the first man that struck a living portrait or figure, and this he did with his own hands. And from him they ran in a continued succession of so-called Cæsars, of their queens and their crown princes, from the year 48 A. C., down to Romulus Augustulus, who was an emperor of the west, and who was dethroned by Odoacer, in the year 475, A. D. This was their chief excellence—it was all portraiture. But during the earliest period, and also the next, as I have said, are nothing but poetical impersonations and historical incidents. And in later times of the empire, for example the last 250 years, the execution was generally as barbarous as the design was unclassical.

Those tickets, which are called contorniati, were named from the hollow circle or frame which was round their edge, were of a very low relief, such as belong to the lower empire, and bore on one side some personage of ancient fame, and on the other some mythological device, and were then used as tesseræ. And while the spinthiriati, or, in other words, bath-tickets, are impressed with scenes and subjects of bacchanalian feasts and debauchery, only fit for the gardens of a Nero or the Caprea of Tiberius, there are coins and medals very interesting, and worthy of a place in this brief sketch, as they allude to Christianity and its corruption in a very early age. For example, there were coins of Hebrew make, which bore the figure of Christ, which were of large size; and also coins of Dioclesian and Maximilian, illustrative of their triumphs over that monster serpent, which was shaped like Milton's sin—nothing but a human form with his snakeship's legs. Therefore, the absurdity of gnosticism had dared to symbolize the Christian mystery of two natures in one person—human and divine. Such, too, were the coins of the days of

Constantine, Constantius, Jovian, Gratian, Decentius, and Theodosius; and on all of these were to be seen that interesting emblem, the X and P* monogram of Jesus, with his A and ω† in the field, which succeeded to the heathen symbols on the Labarum and coins of the more barbaric empire, without mentioning the money of Phocas, Justinian, and others, who placed the cross of Christ upon their coins, from which it was copied by Saxon kings, and by a breakage in the crucial indentations, which afterwards produced the half-penny and four-thing.

If time permitted, I should like to extend more largely my remarks upon the devices of forgery; but, as time will not permit, I shall be brief on that point. Whatever skill and knowledge may have been brought to bear and employed in forging, the same degree of skill, and a far greater degree of knowledge were employed in detecting. The very knowledge of these difficulties pre-supposes the power of disentangling them. The skill and ingenuity of fraud have been followed, step by step, through all their various windings; and, wherever they have given birth to new devices, have readily suggested some new caution or a contrivance for exposing them. Even when all the arts of fraud had been exhausted, mechanism has been assisted by learning the business of delusion. But there still remains on the other side that eye which was once keen and cautious, that seems to have converted a long experience into a quick perception. For an illustration: as a thorough musician can tell when his favorite violin is out of tune by those tokens which are imperceptible to the organs of an unskillful musician, so, too, it is with the antiquarian of native talent, grown prudent from long accustomed use, and also enlightened by various means of knowledge. He has acquired for his pursuits a strong power of intuition which no fraud can elude, and ignorance cannot fully and truly comprehend.

* Greek Characters Ch. & R. † Alpha and Omega.

As there is a series of mania, I think there is one more which may be added to the list—the coin mania; and one more to the list of maniacs—the coin maniac. But I shall mention only two instances in this place. There is a gold coin of the stamp of Mithridates, which, in its intrinsic worth, weighs ten shillings, but which, in the year 1777, fetched £26 5s., and in forty years it reached the value of £80; and at that value came into the possession of a certain insignificant collector: and the acquirer of this unique Mithridates had hardly made the purchase before a duplicate was brought into the market, and he thought it was for his interest to purchase this also; and such was the strife of competition that the coin was brought up to the value of £90, and he purchased again. After a lapse of time, a third was brought into the market, and brought up by this insignificant collector to the value of £100. And I once saw a duplicate of the same coin sold at the same place for £113; and, at the same time and place, this insignificant collector was present, and, having bid up as high as £110 and lost, he gave over in despair. Human nature did its utmost, but could stand the siege no longer. And a medallion made of brass, of the stamp of Commodus, fetched the sum of £23, being, as regards its intrinsic weight, worth only two pence. And a famous athlete medallion of Syracuse, worth five shillings, has, time and again, brought £40.

But, after all, let not the collector who reads these things leap into the gulf of despair; as in all other cases, and good things of nature and art, I find the union of medium excellence with high rarity to be the exception and not the rule, so it is with regard to coins. Fair and very good looking specimens of genuine Greek money are readily procured for a trifle more than their actual value as silver; and consequently, the difference which constitutes scarcity and high price will be found to amount to some trifle; yea, trivial as a mint mark, or some other unimportant variation from the recognised standard—coins, for instance, that have been pub-

lished and described. To this remark there are, of course, brilliant exceptions. An ancient piece, be it proud gold stater, or humble copper chalcus, and perfect in form and condition, with the bloom of its birth still sweet and rose-like upon its shining face, or as the dew of morning upon the unfolding rose, will ever command a high appreciation; even though the type shall be old and common. And fine specimens from Syracuse, Thurium, and Panormus, always bear a value which will only seem nonsensical and absurd in the eyes of the illiterate collector.

But facts are, indeed, stubborn things, and the fact to-day remains that one may, at a very small expense, obtain specimens of Greek coinage, in a fair condition as coins; and not only this, but desirable for art or for interest. For example, such as Alexander, the Boeotic Shield, the Attic owl, and the Rhodian pomegranate flower; also, the Pegasus of Corinth; and more—if the collector will only eschew these minuter and differential marks, for which but a few, save enthusiasts, will contend he can buy very cheap in a numismatic auction-room, a very feast of reason and flow of spirit. Then he may have the crab from Agrigentum; the turtle from Egina; the dolphin from Tarentum; the wild boar from Aetolia; the drinking cups from Cyrene; corn from Metapontum; the unfolding rose from Zacynthus; and Chalcis with her sounding lyre to harmonize this glorious feast. Rome, too, will furnish abundance of interest, both historic and poetical; good coins, as well consular as imperial, can be bought for two English shillings a piece; and even Othos, too, are very cheap, yea, cheap as silver; and when possessed of these, there will be very little wisdom in sighing for an Otho made of corroding brass. And that collector who has a wish to frame his cabinet on an economical plan, and a basis of sound common sense—and with this true taste can never be at variance—will supply himself with the portrait or the incident, upon brass, if silver be too expensive, or on silver if brass is not to be obtained. But what-

ever the metal is, the historical ideas must, in all cases, be the same; and a Claudius Gothicus will have no deeper interest for his eye, minted in the rarest bullion, than in the frequent copper. A contrary feeling, and one too, rife among the numismatic world, tends to scarcity—though it be but of mere metal—to the first rank in costliness; and there often is a conflict for rare brass where the gold and silver are too common to be prized. But this kind of valuation by rarity alone, exclusive of all interest and workmanship, does sometimes lead the connoisseur astray, and he is convinced too late that coins, no matter how scarce, may be bought too dearly, if they have nothing else to recommend them to his cabinet. Why, the pax-penny of William the Conqueror, one of the most uncouth and barbaric bits of money that ever was in existence, some years ago, was of the very first rarity, and bore a value nearly equivalent to its weight in diamond carats. But, lo, and behold! a hoard, ten thousand in number, of some old Norman miser is lucky enough to unearth at the town of Beaworth; and, to the intense disappointment and chagrin of competitors for scarcity, these pax-pennies were sold for the sum of sixpence a piece. And early Saxon coins, within a few years past, were esteemed invaluable; from the fact that they bore the names of Ethelbert, Alfred and Edward of East Anglia; and their interest in the English mind is not attempted to be gainsaid; nor will that uncouth and uncivilized character of their execution be disputed, nor the fact that the patriotic interest aforesaid was estimated at a much too high price. But for those who had possessed themselves of Saxon pence at the value of fourteen pounds a piece, now the bank of Coverdale overwhelmed these units by its hundreds,

> With sharpened sight the ghastly antiquarians pore
> The inscription they value, but rust adore.
> 'Tis the blue varnish that the green endears,—
> The sacred rust of two thousand years.

I shall not dwell upon the beauty of coins, though in truth, the coins of Naples have a charming tint; and pleasant is the gloss of Malta coins! The brasses of the ancients contain, for the most part, a quantity of tin united with the native copper. As the mines which were worked by them did not give them these two metals in combination, I infer that tin was made use of by design, from their knowing the unfitness of copper itself for the purposes of money. But the advantage, however, of the combination is shown more clearly in reference to numismatic studies. The disinter, a Roman brass, contained but very little admixture of other metal with its native copper; but if the alloy have been properly united with it, the specimen has become much more attractive, during its concealment, by that soft shadowing of green and brown which has spread itself over it, διοντοῖς ἀχμαιοις ἡ ἄρα,* and which, more than any other property, baffles the ingenuity of more modern forgers. Now this, I think, will satisfy the utilitarian of to-day.

Now, in conclusion, I would say that there is one other view of ancient coins, at which I must be so impudent as to ask the kind reader to take a parting glance, viz.: their localities. It may be a stranger idea to you to hear of Roman gold having been excavated from the mouldering ruins of a Hindoo temple, than of hoards of imperial coin found in Transylvania; but they are facts. For Lieut. C. of ——— discovered in Cashmir an entirely unknown coin, fifteen centuries in duration, of Indo-Scythian kings; who, until the soldiers disinterred their monetary effigies, had been utterly unknown. So in Bactria and Affghanistan, many an old potentate has to thank Col. T. of ——— and Lieut. M. of ———, for having rescued their fame from non-entity through the medium of coins.

But I will not dwell upon these grand and remote dis-

* As the season of the blooming flowers.

coveries; for I myself was once frightened half out of my skin, by picking up a Roman coin, in one of my morning rambles, no farther off than in S———. O, what charms it gave to the familiar scene! What interest it added to the purple uniformity of the broad heath; and how the air began to sound with the clangors of lituus and tuba! How the hollow rocks were thronged with bivouacking legionaries! There were the horses with their shaggy manes, drinking at the running brook; there stood the banners circling the pretorium; there were Rome's bloody hands; and her wolf and twins; and her consecrated labarum. This fine white sand has rubbed bright many a breast-plate that was afterward dyed in the crimson gore of the slain. The fragrant sod has been drenched with the hot smoking blood of the invaders, hewing out through slaughtered millions the glory of Rome. Here's the hill where the gray haired sire fought for his home and liberty. From these hills, rushed, unawares, that mighty cloud of swarthy Britons; but Rome's iron-ribbed cohorts were ready at a word. But, ah! the rout is over. Those hostile legions have returned;—and now they pile up the heaps of the wounded and dying. Then I hear the groans of the wounded; the snort of the war-horse; the heavy tramp of the battalion. I see the running streams of crimson blood; the deadly grasp of the youthful soldier. But, look!—all is still. Countless thousands have fought their last battle, and their vigorous spirits have winged their flight to the field of eternity,

I now leave the battle-field and wander to other scenes—to where the earthquake has shaken the foundations of mighty empires. The remains of temples, palaces, and towers, fringed with fire, still totter over the fatal spot. But still, amid these ghastly ruins, where every thing portends disaster, many an edifice has been reared; where beating hearts are now gay over the graves of their fathers. And the earth itself is but one mighty sepulchre; and every thing that animates the eye, or regales the taste, springs from cor-

ruption. And the very breeze, that to-day is music on your ear, has been loaded with the groans of countless thousands. And though you should sink in the ingulfing shock of the earthquake—in the burning flood of lava from the volcano, you must remember that thousands will live and smile amid the mouldering monuments of your ruin. For the songs and the sounds of merriment have gone up for ages over the tombs of Herculaneum.

But the veil of buried centuries has been rent asunder, and the embalmed remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been brought up from their long mysterious repose, to the gazing eye of man.

I wander, also, among the hills of immortal Greece; gaze at the bright isles of the Egean; lift up the eye to the lowering dome of St. Sophia; walk in the deep shadows of the Coliseum; see Venice emerging in splendor from the wave; Etna belching forth its seas of fire and smoke; stroll along the banks of the Nile, and survey the gigantic pyramids of mouldered Egypt; gaze through the long and gay saloons of Parisian pride; and make a pilgrimage to the seven hills of proud Rome. I see the ocean roused in its wrath; the world's navies of oak and iron tossed in mockery from its crest; armaments, manned by the combined strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles. The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, when it rolls to the bosom of the earth, will melt away and be lost in vapor; but when it plunges into the ocean, this mighty mass of hail and ice is borne and hurled about for ages, in tumult and in terror, like a floating monument of the ocean dead. I see the tempest on land impeded by forests; and broken by thunder-stricken mountains; but on the plain of the ocean it rushes unresisted, and when it has spent its strength, ten thousand defying waves, which it has raised up, still rolls its midnight terror onward. I see the mountain lake and the rippling brooks are only inhabited by the finny tribe—those

timid prey of the angler; but the unsounded sea is the home of the mighty leviathan, and he ploughs his way through the mighty deep. The wave-worn pebble and the rose-tinted shell which the ever resistless tide has left upon the wave-washed beach, as scarcely worthy of its notice or its care; and the pearly gem which the pearl-diver obtains, at the risk of his life, are all that puny man can obtain from that great treasury, the ocean. And there are those groves of coral which wave over the pavement of the unsounded sea; and those vast halls of amber that glow in the ocean's depths. And, on the ocean, too, thrones have been won and lost. On the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of the world. And, in the gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia found a grave. And the crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino. At Trafalgar and the Nile proud nations tottered on a pivot, and held their breath. They, whose life is on the deep, may, at sundry times, little reck of the perils that daily environ them. But this is the result of their being inured to the danger; like the humble peasant, who, rocked by the thundering tread of the earthquake, at the trembling base of Etna and Vesuvius, sleeps soundly, even though it were his last sleep, and the sun should rise over the ruins and tomb of a second Herculaneum.

And now, dear reader, you ask how know I all these mighty and bloody deeds of old, and what brought the proud Roman and the haughty Briton to the field; and made man explore the burning tombs of volcanoes, and people the mighty ocean with his works; and made the world a witness to these sights and scenes; and I answer,—a few little speechless fellows—coins. And these coins are—I challenge the world to question—*immortal in their patina;* which have been shaken from a lump of turf, and have, exultingly, been discovered to be British, mingled in a mass with those of Claudius, Gallinurs, and the Constantines.

The discoveries in Syria and in Affghanistan, should be

mentioned here as notable illustrations of the interest which ancient coins will excite, as connected with locality; for the former may, by means of their old money, ascertain the names and the religion of unstoried cities, as the latter has already exhibited to your astonished gaze, whole dynasties of mighty monarchs, of whom history is entirely silent.

THE POET AND THE MUSICIAN.

BY NOEL BYRON.

The billows of ocean are dashing on high,
The dark forests wave, and the hoarse winds sigh;
The thunder is pealing its terrible roar,
And twilight is painting the lonely shore.
Such sounds are sweet to the *poet's* ear;—
But, *child of music*, what seekest *thou* here?

From the grandeur of thunder I borrow the power
To swell the loud organ in calm vesper hour;
From the wail of the night wind so mournfully low,
I catch the rich cadence of Sorrow's deep flow;
Mellifluous harmony bursts on mine ear;—
Then ask me not, poet, wherefore I am here.

In the grandeur of Nature so awful sublime,
Where forests re-echo the down falling pine;—
In such sounds is there nought that discordantly breaks,
To destroy the rich fancy thy genius creates?
For voices untutored now burst on mine ear,—
Is there nought in this wildness or harshness to fear?

From the bosom of Nature all harmonies flow;
And couldst thou her wondrous arrangements once know,
Thou wouldst find her vibrations exquisitely sweet;
For the waves of old ocean that break at thy feet,
Stars twinkling above, and earth's dullest clod,
All join in the chorus—"*Our Author is God.*"

When music, companion of angels divine,
The brother of Poesy, left his fair clime,
A halo to throw o'er man's desolate way,
And light up his soul in adversity's day
On nature he looked, and his spirit rose high;—
Ah! here the rich treasures of harmony lie!
But say, brother spirit, what glorious thought,
From the wings of the wind has thy genius caught,
That wraps thee in holiest revery now,
And, shadow-like, gleams o'er thy soul-speaking brow?

My soul is o'erwhelmed, entranced with delight,
For visions of purity, lovely and bright,
Around me are smiling,—but, alas! what am I,
Poor worm, that their radiance should dazzle mine eye?
And Nature, magnificent, beautiful, rare,
In features unnumbered, is greeting me here,
Oh, infinite Wisdom, miraculous skill!
Look, wonder, my soul, and, adoring, be still.

Then, brother, our arts shall be blended in one;
To improve and ennoble mankind, let us on.

Regardless of sorrows, all meekly we'll try
To mingle our songs with the powers of the sky.
From the cot of the poor to the stateliest dome,
On the pinions of truth together we'll roam.
Our strains shall be dear to the happy and gay,
And the woes of the widow and orphan allay.

LOGAN'S LAMENT.

BY NOEL BYRON.

Poor Logan, weary, faint, besoiled with dust, his palsied arms lean against yon sturdy oak, and gazeth calmly on the curling smoke that rises in volumes from the red man's home. He weeps, he sighs. Some precious visions, fraught with joyous memories and enchanting scenes, come vividly o'er his mind, and thus he whispers to the outspread scenes:—

How many an hour and moment sweet
 Have swiftly flown away,
Since 'neath thy shaded, cool retreat,
At early morn we used to meet,
 And linger out the day!

The hand of care had carved my brow
 With excavations deep;
Yet, still life's happy morning glow
Its light upon my heart did throw
 And lull despair to sleep.

Loved friends and youth, those playmates dear,
 No more are laughing nigh;
Some have been pillowed on the bier,
And died unfavored by a tear,
 Or e'en a mother's sigh.

Oh! spot of innocence and love,
 Blest spot of by-gone days!
The wise their scowling brows may move,—
The stoic harshly may reprove,—
 Yet will I chant thy praise.

Ah! they can shed the grateful tear
 O'er ancient Greece's tomb;
Can stand, in fired fancy, near
The dying Roman's solemn bier,
 Yet have no tear for *home.*

They, too, can weep upon the urn
 Where *Spartan* heroes rest;
Yet feelingless and coldly turn
From holier themes, and dare to spurn
 The scenes their fathers' blessed.

The joys of youth are budding blooms
 Upon the waste of life,
Which manhood's turbulent simooms
Bear quickly to their graves—their tombs,
 With wild exulting strife.

Yet oft, when years have passed by,
 When lonely seem the hours;
He looks, with sorrow-ladened eye,
And doth the scattered leaflets spy
 Of those once fragrant flowers.

He looketh back, and there surveys
A parched and dreary wild;
Then, gazing through life's winding maze,
Perceives the spot of boyhood's days,
And longs to be a child.

Long cherished spot of native land,
Thou ever hast been nigh!
And now, while quickly flows life's sands,
With tottering limbs and palsied hands,
Poor Logan comes to die.

VIRTUE.

BY NOEL BYRON.

Mortal! on time's storm-tossed ocean,
 Striving safety to ensure,
Midst its wild and dread commotion,
 Thy frail bark can scarce endure.

Seeking to secure the blessing
 Of a peaceful, happy life;
Sighing for the sweet caressing
 Of the gales that blow not strife;

In the search for constant pleasure,
 Take thee, Virtue, for a guide;
She will prove a priceless treasure,
 When the fiercest storms betide.

ALL HAVE A PART TO DO.

BY NOEL BYRON

Men and women! up! be doing!
Help each other on the way!
Aid with heart and hand the dawning
Of a great and glorious day.

Earth has not her *stationed* teachers;
Truth's not centred in a few;
All men, more or less, are missioned,—
Each one has a part to do.

Lend your aid, however little;
Lend your talent, though its small;
Trifles thrive by combination,
Working for the good of all.

Truth walks slow, and needs th' assistance
Of the many with the few;
Every one, however feeble,
Has a part that he can do.

Stop not, faint not, in your doing;
Still press onward,—you will find
Brilliant sunbeams flashing ever
From the archives of the mind.

Earth has not a human creature,
Meanest pauper you may view,
If he has a spark of reason,
But he has a part to do.

All men must assist each other,
Though it but a trifle be;
Flowing streams make flowing rivers,
Rivers make a mighty sea.

One may do the work of many,
Many help the toiling few:
But 'mong all men, great or little,
Each one has a part to do.

Many pillars bear the temple,
Varying in their strength and height;
And, though various in their greatness,
Each contributes to its might.

What though men proclaim their weakness,
And their talents small and few?
Each one shares in human greatness,
Each one has a part to do.

Men and women! up and onward!
Faint not till your work is done;
Grow in ardor, grow in earnest,
For the dawn has now begun.

Then let none be found a lagging,
Let stirring impulse bear you through;
All must aid the day that's dawning,
Each one has a part to do.

ELENOIRE.

A LEGEND, IN IRREGULAR VERSE.

BY WALTER SCOT

By the lonely waters wending,
In the dim and starless night,
A maiden fair, with locks dishevelled—
Where the wolves had latest revelled—
Gazed with orbs of wondrous light.

There was not speck nor spark to see
To other eyes than hers, and she
Looked steadfast and unceasingly,
And through the gloom there came nor went
No gleam save that her glances lent;
And they were like the wizard flame
That from mysterious silence came.

She was of beauty wondrous fair;
Part veiled amid her golden hair,
Which o'er her limbs of gentle moul
In long and silken tresses rolled,

Through which, as played the wind anon,
Her beauty's dazzling whiteness shone.
The light played in her eyes of blue,
O'er all its radiant splendor threw,
Her lips were parted as she would speak;
And paleness sat on her rounded cheek,
As the wind of winter rudely bleak
Had passed and paused with its breath of ice,
To chill that form of such rare device.

O! step not nor stir in that lonely wood,
Nor break the spell of the lady's mood;
Nor startle the air with a human breath,
Nor taper on the dusky heath.
'Tis dire—the spell on that lady's face,
That searches the weird and ebon space,
A spirit burns in the eyes of fire
And the heart of the lady Elenoire.

O, few may go near the wood, nor pause
At the form so fair, the brow that awes;
And few may venture to pass that way,
Twixt evening's dusk and morning's gray.
She wore a cross,—but the cross was found,
Buried a fathom under ground;—
And where it lay on her breast of snow
Was cypher-stain of fiery glow,
Which she hid anon with a cry of woe.
And where her rosary used to be,

Was a wreath of gloomy cypress tree.
And her hands were clasped on a gem of gold—
A fearful device with a maiden's heart
Crushed in a serpent's glittering fold.
Twixt fear and joy she shuddering gazed
On the serpent's head from its coil upraised;
And their eyes they met, and the flame of green
Played out from the serpent's eyes between.
O, piteous was that lady's face,
For that she struggled in horrid spell,
Which priest nor crucifix could tell,
And tears fell down her cheek apace.

The misletoe hung its wreath on high,
O'er the branching oaks that crossed the sky,
Nor waved nor stirred; and the lady's sigh
Was heard alone above them all;
And her hands were raised, but not to pray;
Her lips were parted, but none may say
The words that came and passed away,
With a low and wailing fall,
O, heaven!—once her lips would utter,
But all around made fearful mutter;
And the words they palsied on her tongue,—
Whilst forms of spirits swept along,
Sadly she trembled and paler grew,
But wilder light in her eyes of blue
Flashed out on the dark with lightning fire,
That the green eyed serpent in the gem of gold,
Seemed to expand in his scaly fold,

And his burnished crest grew red and higher.

O! it was fearful there to see
A beautiful lady like as she,
Alone in that wood at the hour of dread,—
And the oaken branches, overhead,
Clustering thick like her flying hair,
Webbing and crossing the murky air.—
Alone in that wood, nor bead nor charm;—
O heaven! shield her well from harm,—
Alone in that wood, nor word of prayer;—
But the green eyed serpent watching there.

O God of heaven! guard the hour,—
Who may bide the spirit's power?
Why do the lady's lips wax blue?
Why does her wan cheek blanch anew?
Why does her bosom white and fair
Faster throb in the chilling air?
Why does she start and pant with fear,
And long to go, yet linger there?
'Tis a charm more dread than tongue may guess
That holds such wondrous loveliness.

But hark! to a bell from tower remote,
Filling the air with warning note,
Who that hear may hold their breath,
And look afar o'er the dusky heath,
And see the knight of the sable plume,

Who rideth fast through the midnight gloom!
Shield, nor spear, nor cross has he,
But a burning brand, in his red right hand,
Flashes anon o'er his sable mail,
And maketh the darkness darker be.

The trees are stirred with a boding sound,—
And whispered laughter shuddered around.
Then it seemed that every leaf on the oak
Whirled once in the air and mournfully spoke;—
And the lovely lady paler seemed
Than snow where the winter moonbeams streamed·
And save that her wan lips moved anon,
And the weird light from her eyes that shone,
She stood as a statue of rarest mould,
Fair and high, calm and cold.

O, God in heaven, hear our prayer!—
Not a breath the wind is making,
Yet the heavy leaves are shaking
Fitful in the startled air!
Heaven's influence, break the spell!
Chills of horror shudder round,
And the red-leaved forests shiver,
While the rent oak's branches quiver
To a boding sound,
Who from yonder riven trunk,
Tangled thick with mossy growth,
Bursts with low unhallowed oath,

And stands beside the lady's form?
He a knight of sable mail,
Visor shading brow as pale;
Ghastly as the lurid hue
That lights the charnel's darkness through.
But, beneath that visor's rim,
Burn two eyes like molten ore;
And their burnings never dim,
Drop their fire flakes over him;
And he gazeth evermore,
In the lady's face he gazeth
With those wild and glowing eyes;
And she cannot choose but gaze
Steadfast in that demon face.
O'er her wan lips pass the sighs
That her spell-bound heart is making,
While 'tis breaking, wildly breaking.
Round her waste the demon's arm
Like a serpent closely twineth;—
He breathes his breath upon her cheek:—
She shudders to a stifled shriek.—
O God! save her in this hour!
Oh! his fiendish eye divineth
That her heart is nigh to break;
That the passion hath its power.
His eyes are so like the snake's,
Cursed gaze of basilisk,—
Two fold eyes of hellish hue,
Glaring with their thirsty lustre;
Drinking up the fatal beauty

Of those piteous eyes of blue.
O, hath passion cursed charm,
Hither borne of damning spell!
Oh! the look of woe imploring
Bursting from those eyes, adoring
Man and demon framed of hell!

'Tis midnight dark on turret and tower,
From beacon cliff to lady's bower;
And the deep mouth'd hounds, since dusk have
howled
About the gates in the castle wall;
And the miserly priest, in darkness cowled,
Was seen to pace the Baron's hall,
And sprinkle anon, with his holy water,
The chamber lone of the Baron's daughter;
And make the sign on his sable stole,
Full oft for the absent lady's soul.
Nor Baron slept,—but to and fro
He paced by the burnt logs' ashen glow;
And often paused to mark the gleam
Of fitful fire-light that broke his dream;—
On the pale sad face on the pictured wall,
Whose eyes still followed him through the hall.
And his visage darkened that he knew
For many a night his daughter's form
Was seen to leave the castle gate,
And seek the woods, however late,
Through darkness and through storm.
He had seen the spell-fires in her eyes,

And heard the maiden's fearful sighs;
Neither cross, nor bell, nor book,
Could charm away that fatal look.
This night the Baron could not rest:—
The raven had croaked its omen dire;
And gust of wind had swept the crest
From the hoary helmet of his sire
He saw in each the fatal sign
Augured to one of Etholf's line:—
Whose heir should be a maiden fair,
Of beauty wild and wondrous rare;
Whose lot, ere the race of Etholf died,
Was to be a demon warrior's bride.
The winds are vexed about the gate,
And darkness bear in every gust;
The walls look bleak and desolate;
The armour, shook by the hands of fate,
Falls heavily in its rust.

Over the draw-bridge, all alone,
Looking like one who sees but death,
And sternly treading with quickened breath,
That none may hear a moan,
The Baron passed from the hoary halls,
And looked but once on the gloomy keep;
Then he heard a sound sweep through their walls,
That rang from tower to dungeon deep;
He touched the cross on his heavy sword,—
But onward went like the pledge of Fate;—

There was never a ray to cheer his way,
But the thickened air in masses lay,—
A ruddy black like the Hand of Hate.
And ever anon, through the midnight foul,
He'd hear the blood-hounds, tortured, howl.
Dense as the forest in darkness grew,
Knotted and gnarled in snaky twist,
He onward sped, nor raised his head
Till he saw a blue and lurid mist,
Spread like a mantle about a dell,
Where the hemlock grew in dusky maze,
And the light in phantom paleness fell
Through the cold and ghastly haze.

Onward—O God! spare the sight!
Close to the rift of a mighty oak,—
And the lightning fires about them broke,—
The lady and the demon-knight.
The Baron makes nor sign nor pause,—
But, pallid yet firmer, he nearer draws:—
Oh! who hath a father's heart?—
He whispers a word as he cometh nigher,
He whispers a word—'tis "Elenoire!"
The lady makes no start.
His voice is husky—she may not hear,—
His voice it trembles—he now may see her:—
Oh, woe! the Baron's ire!
Her eyes are fixed in a burning gaze
Her locks are tangled in many a maze,
And the demon standeth by her.

Tall is the knight with the sable plume,
Standing aloof in the midnight gloom;
But the lady suddenly shrieks aloud,—
Swift is the Baron with brand of steel,
Heavy the blow the hand may deal;
But the knight stands firm and proud,
And laughs a laugh in the Baron's ear,
As the brand descends through forms of air,—
But smites in its course a bosom bare,
White as the drifted snow at morn,—
But now is crimson and rudely torn:—
And the father's hand hath done the deed.
Oh God! how the demons shriek!
The Baron's lips are quivering,
By the dying lady's cheek.
He may not gain one word or look,
But only wipe the ruddy stain,
That ripples like a dying brook
From the heart that ne'er shall beat again.
Oh red, oh red is the cruel stain,
That ebbs away o'er the breast of snow.
The first faint ray of a morning star
Looks on its pool with a mournful glow;
A shudder runs round and round the tree,—
And murmurs of grief sob through the air;
And the wind sweeps o'er the Baron's brow,
Pallid and coldly lying there.
Hush! hush! the curse, the laughter wild,
That mocks the Baron's groaning woe;
And the demon-knight, with his lurid spell,

Swift through the midnight darkness goes,
The Baron's locks are hoar and gray,
And they are dabbled o'er with blood;—
O, woe the night! O, woe the day!
He starts and crieth through the wood,
He taketh a poniard from his waist;—
Its hilt is the serpent's foul device;—
He crosses himself with fearful haste,
And kisses the weapon thrice.
Oh! who shall see him weltering low
In his own dark blood by the morning's glow,
And his beauteous daughter lying near,
With the gory fern for her silent bier?

Ever between the night and day,
At the boding hour in that lonely place,
The spirits meet—so the peasants say—
And the lovely lady red with gore,
Wandereth sighing evermore;
The raven flaps his wing of shade,
And croaks all night in tower and hall;
While the blood-hounds howl at the ruined gate;
The banners rot on the crumbling wall.—
There is the omened woe by seer and sign
Fulfilled in the last of Etholf's line.

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